Volume LXXIV CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1914 Number 4

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

WILD FLOWERS

They grow where none but God,
Life's Gardener,
Upon the sterile sod
Bestows His care.

Their morn and evening dew—
The sacrament
That maketh all things new—
From heaven is sent;

And thither, ne'er in vain,
They look for aid,
To find the punctual rain,
Or sun or shade.

Appointed hour by hour
To every need,
Alike of parent flower
Or nursling seed;

Till blossom-duty done,
With parting smile
They vanish, one by one,
To sleep awhile.

—*John B. Tabb.*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 51
After Vacation 53
The Next Step Forward for Unity.—*Continued* .. 54

CONTRIBUTED—
The Woman on the Farm.—Lutie E. Stearns ... 55
My Library—XV.—Smith Baker 58

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
Lesson XXVI—Philo 60

POETRY—
Wild Flowers.—*John B. Tabb* 49
Common Things.—*Selected* 51
The Pasture Thistle.—*Elizabeth Akers* 55
The Inevitable.—*Sarah K. Bolton* 57
The Little Comforters.—*Margaret Widdemer* 59

THE HOME—
Helps to High Living.—*John B. Tabb* 61
The Boston Elms.—*Youths' Companion* 61

THE FIELD—
England's Primate on the War.—*The Literary Digest* 62
The European Crisis 62

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM COAL DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
3400 South Racine Avenue
CHICAGO

FOR Ice Cream
Unexcelled in Flavor, Richness and Purity, telephone Oakland 290
FROZEN ARTS
743 East 43rd St.

PRINTING
Attractive Printing for the Office, the Church, the Club. Moderate prices.
Oakland : Printing : Shop
743 E. 39th Street
Douglas 4305—PHONES—Auto. 71-671

KENWOOD FLORAL Co.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Fl one Oakland 78. 1117 E. 47th Street
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers

Tel. Douglas 3882 Est. 1873
Wm. Wilson
Dealer in
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES
Glass and Glazing
Tools, Cutlery and Hardware
3831-33 Cottage Grove Avenue,
CHICAGO

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
Four Automobiles
We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.
BISSELL LAUNDRY Co.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street

Telephone, Douglas 665
John G. Hope
PAINTING AND DECORATING
PAINTERS' SUPPLIES
WALL PAPER
GLASS
3811 Cottage Grove Ave.
Chicago

THE Keeley Treatment
For Liquor, Opium, Morphine and Other Drug Using.
SUCCESSFUL FOR 33 YEARS
and still the best because we keep up to date always
We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.
Send for Illustrated Free Booklet.
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope.
The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
CHICAGO OFFICE:
SUITE 906 RECTOR BLDG.
79 W. Monroe Street

John I. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
James P. Kugler, Secretary
THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED
FRANK R. PRIEVE, President
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776
Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Private Limousine Cars
AT REASONABLE RATES
For All Purposes
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE
Phones
Douglas 3268
Douglas 3269
Automatic 79-806
OAKLAND AUTO LIVERY
821 E. 39th STREET
Garages
716 E. 39th ST.
1034 E. 43rd ST.

MILWAUKEE-DOWNER COLLEGE
MILWAUKEE-DOWNER SEMINARY
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
COLLEGE COURSES lead to Bachelors' Degrees.
HOME ECONOMICS Training Course for Teachers.
SEMINARY admits to Eastern and Western Colleges.
MUSIC DEPARTMENT. Piano, Voice, Violin, New Two-Manual Organ.
ART, ELOCUTION, ATHLETICS. Location combines advantages of city and country. For information specify College or Seminary catalogue. MISS ELLEN C. SABIN, President.

WANTED
To purchase from a congregation that has discarded them, copies of the booklet, "Hymns and Services for Sunday Circles," issued by Unity Publishing House, Chicago.
Write, stating terms, to B. PICKMAN MANN, 1918 Sunderland Place, Washington, D. C.

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXIV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1914. Number 4

COMMON THINGS.

Give me, dear Lord, thy magic common things
Which all can see, which all may share,
Sunlight and dewdrops, grass and stars and sea.
Nothing unique or new, and nothing rare—
Just daisies, knap-weed, wind among the thorns;
Some clouds to cross the sky above;
Rain, winter fires, a useful hand, a heart;
The common glory of a woman's love.
Then, when my feet no longer tread old paths
(Keep them from fouling sweet things anywhere),
Write one old epitaph in grace-lit words;
"Such things look fairer that he sojourned here."

—*Selected.*

According to *The Public* the ratification of a peace between the United States and Peru by the United States Senate on the 20th ult. made the nineteenth of such arbitration treaties secured by the Wilson-Bryan administration. "Well done, good and faithful servants!"

It is strange that progressive, free-thinking, liberal, humanitarian and Christian Englishmen can listen with equanimity and quote approvingly these words of a King to departing troops:

"You are leaving home to fight for the safety and honor of *my* empire.

I have implicit confidence in you, *my* soldiers."

Ah, indeed! By whom, oh King of England, was your title deed to these brave men signed?

Prof. J. H. Dillard, in welcoming a new and cheap edition of John Stuart Mills' "The Subjection of Women," says: "This book is a classic. It deals with the subject in a noble spirit, in a style which is fittingly great and noble and it deals in truths that are universal." We join with our friend Dillard in welcoming this fifty-cent edition that appears in a new dress over fifty years after its first appearance. The books of Woman Suffrage occupy a long shelf in any modern working library, and John Stuart Mills' book stands at the head of such a shelf at least in this Editor's library.

However radically we differ from the creedal and ecclesiastical postulates of the Catholic Church, we can but join with the devotees of the Church of Rome in honorable lament over the death of the simple-hearted, noble-minded Pope who sprung from the common people, whose thoughts were ever with them and whose heart was literally broken by the cruel war that so vivisects the great human institution of which he was the head. We salute his successor. May he be as noble but more liberal, as loyal to his convictions as his predecessor but more loyal to the moving spirit of the Twentieth Century.

The Inquirer, our London exchange representing the Unitarian Fellowship of England, necessarily devotes a large portion of its editorial columns to war considerations. In a recent issue it comments with approval upon the speed and quietness with which the largest army which ever left the English shores was transferred to French soil, and that for the first time the troops went as French allies. This, it says, is a dramatic seal of the bond which appeals powerfully to the historical imagination. But what a pity that the bond should be sealed by the breaking of so many ties as tender and as profound as binds England to Germany, the Fatherland of the English race, the land of Luther, Goethe and Immanuel Kant!

The President of the United States demonstrated his political independence, proved his sagacity as a practical statesman, honored the country and conferred a boon upon the well-meaning but ofttimes unsophisticated but helpless immigrants when he nominated Frederick C. Howe to be the Immigration Commissioner at the Port of New York. Mr. Howe was filling an important and difficult position as head of the People's Institute when this appointment came. In his book of "The City, the Hope of Democracy," he interpreted the modern city in terms of hopefulness. Altogether it is a most significant act on the part of the President as well as a most fitting appointment.

The suggestions in the article by Lucia Ames Mead on "The Agony of the Nations" concerning the thirty-two new senators that are to be elected this Autumn is timely. The supreme issue of civilization before which all other national issues fade into insignificance is this question of militancy. If the friends of peace, believers in arbitration and a restricted armament would only see to it that no candidate for the senatorial toga would receive their votes who is in favor of more battleships, then, and not till then, will the President and his pacific policy be adequately sustained. When the United States Senate will back the pacific policy of the President we shall be at the dawn of a permanent peace among nations.

What is your attitude concerning battleships, Mr. Candidate? No believer in the "big stick" who expects to vote for the multiplication of the devil monsters of the deep need apply for our votes.

It is always unfair to deal with humanity in bundles. There are no race characteristics sufficiently well established that it is just to use them in the estimate of any individual. A German recently visited the Law and Order League office in Chicago for papers to help the wife of the janitor in charge of his building to protect her husband who was an inveterate drinker from the debauching influences of a certain saloon, and he said as he passed out: "Yes, I am a German and I drink a glass of beer, but I hope that day will come when I and my family will have a chance to vote against the saloon." All Irishmen do not drink whiskey. Neither are all Jews in the clothing business, nor are all Catholics priest-ridden any more than do all Bostonians read Greek and think in Latin. It all depends!

A correspondent writes: "When I visited the home in Paris occupied by Victor Hugo for fifteen years I was shown a slip of paper which was lying on a piece of furniture on which was written in his own hand the following: 'I REPRESENT A PART OF THAT CIVILIIZING REVOLUTION WHICH WILL COME IN THAT TWENTIETH CENTURY RESULTING IN THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE AND THE UNITED STATES OF THE WORLD.' Here is a prophesy by one of the seers of the world which I believe is beginning to find fulfillment. The price that is being paid, terrible as it is, will arouse the sleeping world to the advancement of the people's movement as nothing else ever has." How the old texts glow with meaning in these terrific days!

WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY THEY FIRST MAKE MAD!

HE MAKETH THE WRATH OF MEN TO PRAISE HIM!

BLESSED ARE THE MEEK FOR THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH!

THE RACE IS NOT FOR THE SWIFT NOR THE VICTORY FOR THE STRONG!

Victor Hugo's vision is saner and wiser than the proclamations of kings or sword-written edicts.

Frederick Lynch, Secretary of the Church Peace Union, with headquarters at 70 Fifth Avenue, New York, reports to the trustees of the Union that he has thrown his report of the recent attempt to hold a Peace Conference in Constance, which perhaps was more effective in its failure on account of martial interruptions than it could possibly have been successful under more pacific conditions, into a little book entitled "Through Europe on the Eve of War," ten thousand copies of which are being distributed among the clergymen and editors of religious papers. He says:

> It was a great thing that we held our conference. It attracted a good deal of attention in Europe, as it has in America. While nothing was of any avail to head off this terrible calamity which is spreading all over Europe, when the war is over the churches can speak as those who did not hesitate to use the right word even while the war was in its inception and its progress.

Mr. Lynch also reports:

> We are sending out in connection with this story of the Conference fifty thousand (50,000) copies of Dr. Jefferson's "Nemesis of Armaments," reprinted from *The Independent*, fifty thousand (50,000) copies of the "Message of the Friends to Men and Women of Goodwill," fifty thousand (50,000) copies of the eighth chapter of the Secretary's story, called "The Collapse of Civilization." We are also distributing widely the "Report and Declaration of the Federal Council Delegates at Constance to the Churches of America."

Ministers, Sunday School teachers and friends of peace of every description will do well to supply themselves with a file of these publications which can probably be had for the asking. Now as never before religious organizations have a work to do in moulding public sentiment and in shaping civic institutions. For Christianity to continue to mouth the phrase "Prince of Peace" while it exploits arms and armor, or accepts the impious situation, is the height of insincerity as well as shameless effrontery to Him whom they affect to follow.

The Christian Commonwealth, the organ of the progressive movement in religion and social ethics published in London, keeps its head cool and heart untainted in the present feverish atmosphere of Europe. In a recent issue it reports an interview with Madame Aino Malmberg, the Finnish patriot, reading of which helps to clear up this question of nationality. In the light of history how insignificant are the political lines on the map of Europe. Politically speaking Finland, Poland, Hungary, Scotland, Ireland and Wales are conspicuous by their absence, and still, if we would find patriotism waxing into white heat, devotion to history, enthusiasm for the master minds and the triumphs of science and art, commend us to these very countries. More conspicuous than any of the "nations" mentioned is that of the Jews who have been "scattered abroad" for two thousand years without a foot of territory over which they can float a flag, and still, if nationality is to be determined by devotion to a language, pride of decent, conservation of traditions and a profound sense of a cause which calls for supreme loyalty, they still represent the most distinct and clearly pronounced nation in the Western World. In the light of all this how little do territorial boundaries contribute to the wealth of the nations they are supposed to represent. Once private property is established and respected on foundations beneath all war trouble on sea and on land, what signifies military conquest; what banner flies over farm or workshop? This Finnish patriot sees in this immense con-

flict now on, the small nations' hope for liberty. The present condition, she said, is "the crowning point of the capitalist organization of society, a huge world-war. Now that it has come it will make an end of these things. At the close of it we will find society socialized and purified. There will be no more great 'Powers.'" Whether this comes before the close of this decade or before the close of the century, or at the end of a millennium, we know not, but we believe that it is coming, and when it comes oneness of speech, common inheritance and the natural groupings according to the wishes of the governed will determine the natural boundaries, and not the conquering power of the sword. Patriotism then will not rest on a geographical basis but upon common loves and common enthusiasm. Unwilling subjects are always "foreigners" in the country that compels their support.

After Vacation

It is a happy evolution in holidays that has closed the vacation season so far as the public schools are concerned, at least with a Labor Day festival. No more stimulating "Commencement" could be devised than this new festival where labor joins hands with play and the care-taker is lost for at least one day in the pleasure-seeker and the joy-giver. The schools are open again, the children are at their books, the teachers are in their places and most well ordered ministers are back at their tasks. But the Editor of UNITY tarries away. Presuming on many years of routine service he has added at least three more Sundays to his playtime. So from the quiet of Tower Hill he is enjoying a vacation Indian Summer,—Summer work closed, Autumn work not begun. The tasks of the working season for the church and the minister are being held off at arm's length while the proper perspective is sought.

This indeed suggests the most important problem which a vacation raises and should help settle, the problem of perspective. What are the things most worth while awaiting the minister and the teacher? The very same problems as those which present themselves to the intelligent farmer and skillful mechanic. Many things will have to go undone and of the several things done there is an orderly sequence, a gradation of importance that ought to be studied.

It is good to resolve and to put that resolve into bold writing and clear print, not to allow the clamorous non-essentials to obscure the claims of the more modest and oftentimes silent larger claims. Let preachers resolve that the pulpit with all its too few opportunities will in the year to come be dedicated to large questions, consecrated to great issues, devoted to great themes, not to petty and passing questions. In the study of life as in the study of the Bible the higher criticism must precede textual criticism. The general trend, the process and conditions that lead to the high texts and deathless parables, and, aye the parables themselves, have prior claims upon the pulpit, and alas for the preacher that wastes his rare chance in the quibbles of textual criticism, the quiddities of passing events, current politics and the sensations of the daily paper.

"What, would you not have the preacher discuss live questions, local issues and current events in his pulpit?" Most assuredly; but they must all be brought, so to speak, into the court room of the eternal. They should be tested by the fundamental verities or morals and religion.

As with the sermon so with the Sunday School and weekly meetings. A good vacation resolution is, in regard to these things: "We will not frivol." Let not the spiritual natures of the children be debauched by too much amusement. Let not the parish energies be dissipated on trifles, the soul-devastating "fairs" and bazaars, "sociables" at so much "per."

Fortunately the roots of religion are simple. The fundamentals are not far to seek and the truly devout deals with but few themes but deals with such profoundly.

The question of personal sobriety, of ethical Puritanism, the question of the sanctity of the home, the binding obligation of parentage, the brotherliness of the community, the constructive maternal functions of the state, the common ties of brotherhood that encircle the globe, these are elements of the everlasting gospel which no preacher can exhaust, and preaching and studying these are the primal tasks of the pulpit.

As to the social activities of the church, only the virtues are really sociable; the superficialities do not satisfy the heart or strengthen the will. A few men and women spending a devoted hour once a fortnight in the company of the great confessors, the prophets, sages and poets of humanity, will do more for the "social life of our church" than weekly flockings around "Bridge" tables or the mentally debilitating parade of flimsy costumes in moderated Tango, a compromise between the "world" and the "church."

The only answer to the perpetual cry of "No time!" is, "There is always time for the most important things." The perplexities of calls and engagements can only be solved by cancellation. Cast out the elements that are not essential in the equation.

So the after-vacation problem is to conserve our energies by directing circumstances rather than allow ourselves to be directed by circumstances. Choose the more important, serving the highest and holding fast to the fundamentals in religion, loyalty to duty, love to man and faith in God.

The Next Step Forward for Unity

(*Continued*)

From Blewett Lee, General Solicitor for the Illinois Central Railroad Company:

Your letter of September 1 giving an account of the sums raised for the various endowment funds fairly take my breath away.

What would you think of the scheme of raising the balance of your Unity Publication Fund by selling ten-year subscriptions to UNITY? Human nature is so constituted that it is hard to coax money out of people unless they think they are getting something for it, while if you get your endowment fund completed I don't see why anybody should be anxious about future issues of UNITY. I have been stuck several times on ten-year subscriptions, but would be willing to go one more if you can get your publication fund completed.

The Agony of the Nations

After crossing from one end of Germany to the other, and now being in touch with the most impartial thought in London, including that of Norman Angell, David Starr Jordan and Dr. John Clifford, I send herewith the best wisdom I can gather and offer the following considerations:

1. The primary cause of the present horror is the colossal armaments which every nation had been told were imperative to "ensure peace."

2. We are at the beginning of the tragic downfall of the old order based on a false philosophy held by all peoples in varying degree and taught from primary school to university. Education has failed to teach the most advanced nations how to win safety or freedom. "Honor," "duty," "patriotism," "God's will" are on the lips of kneeling millions lifting "blind hands of faith" to the one God whose law of love and justice each nation has, through its rulers, first or last, set at nought. Even Great Britain, who has been least guilty, might have saved her present situation had she years ago been as ready to make friends with Germany as with France, or had she in this crisis declared that she would limit her activity to Belgian soil.

3. Our citizens alone among nations *can* look impartially on this catastrophe towards which the militarists in camps, in parliaments and editorial chairs have led. Unless we are willing to think much more than is our wont, we shall fail to understand the complex, psychological, economic and political elements which must be understood if we are to rise to the greatest opportunity ever given a nation and help civilization to sanity.

4. For the sake of future progress, let us hope for no nation's dominance when victory comes and hope for no great nation's crushing defeat, least of all, on the continent, for the 67,000,000 Germans hemmed in by three great enemies and fighting to preserve their very life, the highest culture of the world from being ground in the dust by the Cossack type of civilization. Alas, that Russia should be aided by the two most democratic nations in Europe—France and England.

5. The Social Democrats and the financial forces that had time to rally and stem the storm in the Moroccan crisis were powerless under the swift march of affairs and the surprising order for mobilization while the harvests lay still unreaped. The workers in every land have been ignored. French and German conscript artisans, pushed by guns behind, are marching to kill each other knowing that there is no quarrel between them. The out-of-works are filling the English ranks and march past my window whistling the Marseilles in concert to keep their spirits up.

6. Practically every Briton from the Archbishop to the cartoonists, who draw the hideous caricatures of the Kaiser for the jingo press, are saying, some with terrible sadness, some with grim glee: "There was no other way for us, a man must stand by his friends."

Great Britain, with a certain element in it only too glad to strike Germany when she is down, has gone upon a sympathetic strike and believes her honor required it. Those Americans will applaud who believe in sympathetic strikes; who think that a union of teamsters should strike when unions of bakers and printers strike if their officials and walking delegates have given an understanding that they would stand by them in time of peril and distress. In short, that they are bound in honor to do this, however much it might increase paralysis of the whole innocent community, poverty in their homes, more bitterness, fewer resources to help their comrades later, and however much it would drag into the strife their grown-up children who have settled in distant lands.

It is again the question of which is the higher loyalty—that such as General Lee chose in 1861, or that which General Thomas chose when he refused to stand with his own state, Virginia, that he might show his loyalty to the whole country.

However vehemently we must condemn the policy of Potsdam and the manufactured war scares of the subsidized Krupp press, let us not forget that German militarism differs not so much in essence as in degree from that held in all nations. Some Americans have believed in "keeping up the fighting edge," "in being ready to hit first and hit hard," "in walking softly and carrying the big stick." Only a year or so ago Gen. Leonard Wood said, in urging more military training and a reserve of 450,000 men, that he would "like to out-German the Germans." The policy has proved futile and must end or civilization goes under.

7. President Wilson's discouragement of loans to belligerents is a godsend. Cobden, James Speyer, Oscar Strauss and many great men have held that these should always be prohibited.

8. One thing to prepare for at once is the questioning of the thirty-two senators to be elected by the people this autumn. Let none be returned who want more battleships next winter or who voted against the new peace treaties, such as if made by these European powers would have made this war impossible. The power of ninety-two million people to express themselves on international affairs is largely dependent on a Senate of ninety-six men.

In closing let me quote some pregnant passages from H. G. Wells in an article in the *Nation,* entitled, "Opportunity":

"Whatever betide, defeat or deadlock, the capitalist military civilization uproots itself and ends. . . . The war itself is the mere smash of the thing. The reality is the uprooting, the incurable dislocation. . . . The character of the new age that must come out of the catastrophes of this epoch will be no mechanical consequence of inanimate forces. Will and ideas will take a larger part in this swirl ahead than they have ever taken in any previous collapse. . . . This is a time of incalculable plasticity. For the men who know what they want the moment has come. It is the su-

preme opportunity, the test or condemnation of constructive, liberal thought in the world."

"Now is the opportunity to do fundamental things that will otherwise not be done for hundreds of years. If liberals throughout the world—and in this matter the Liberalism of America is a stupendous possibility—will insist upon a World's Conference at the end of this conflict, if they refuse all partial settlements and merely European solutions, they may redraw every frontier they choose. They may reduce a thousand chafing conflicts of race and language and government to a minimum and set up a Peace League that will control the globe. . . . It is possible now to make an end to Kruppism. It may never be possible again. Henceforth let us say weapons must be made by the State and only by the State; there must be no more private profit in blood."

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

(*Sent from London.*)

THE PASTURE THISTLE.

Robed crimson-purple sovereign of the weeds,
Thou hast a claim by right divine to reign,
Crowned with a diadem of diamond beads,
O royal thistle of the pasture-lane!

Sternly defiant both of foe and friend,
Resenting fiercely both caress and touch,
Armed at all points and ready to defend
Thy splendid blossom from all spoiling touch,

Yet thou art loved. The rose on June's warm breast
Has not so many friends as visit thee.
The bee is but her brief, infrequent guest;
He slights her beauty and her fragrancy.

And hastes to thee, with eager rush and boom,
From distant hive or hoard in hollow bole,
And dives and wallows in thy powdery bloom,
Then, white with pollen, seeks his honeyed goal.

Ants creep unharmed along thy prickly stems,
And lady-birds, with shards of black and red,
And small, green beetles, smooth and hard as gems,
Adorn with living jewels thy proud head.

The soft, gray velvet moth, when night is old,
Hugs close thy bayonets, yet no wound received;
The yellow spider, like a drop of gold,
Loops her light hammock from thy thorny leaves.

Only thy human lovers need to fear
Thy haughty pride, thy self-defensive thrust;
They dread thy ever-ready lance and spear,
And love thee from afar, because they must.

They dare not lift a hand against thy wrath;
But coveting they beauty all in vain,
Resign to thee the narrow pasture-path,
And leave thee queen of eminent domain.

—*Elizabeth Akers.*

The first census of native birds was undertaken by the Department of Agriculture some months ago. Returns thus far announce that there are approximately 2,026,000,000 field birds in the territory east of the great plains states. A suburb of Washington reports the most numerous bird life with an average of seven pairs to the acre. The census is being taken by volunteer observers.

While Europe is mobilizing her armies, the United States goes peacefully on mobilizing her crops, all of which will be needed by and by.—*N. Y. World.*

The Woman on the Farm

Annual Address by the Chairman of the Tower Hill Congress Delivered at

Baraboo, Wisconsin

August 29, 1914 by Lutie E. Stearns, Chairman Library Extension Committee.

Modern programs of library extension through public libraries as distinguished from traveling library systems are practically confined to an arbitrary line drawn tightly around the city's limits. Charters, laws or ordinances under which many libraries operate are usually interpreted to restrict the use of such institutions to a narrow area and no great attempt has been made through legislation, save in California and a few isolated examples elsewhere, to extend library privileges to adjacent communities. It is a happy omen for the future that the Program Committee should have seen fit to place among the topics of this meeting the needs of the woman on the farm, the real founder of the city's citizenship.

"Who's the greatest woman in history?" was the query debated by Kansas school teachers recently. They considered Joan of Arc, Queen Elizabeth, Semiramis, Cleopatra, Cornelia, Catherine of Russia, Maria Theresa, Grace Darling, Florence Nightingale, Susan B. Anthony, and half-a-hundred others. When they came to deciding, all the names known to fame were ruled out. And to whom do you suppose the judges awarded the palm? Here is the answer: "The wife of the farmer of moderate means who does her own cooking, washing, ironing, sewing, bringing up a family of boys and girls to be useful members of society and finds time for intellectual improvement."

These teachers knew the woman, they knew the drudgery she faced at four or five o'clock every morning the year round.

That there are "others" is shown by the following biography taken verbatim, with the exception of the omission of name, from the recently published woman's Who's Who of America:

"Edith J——, farm; born Baraboo, Wis., 1855; ed. high school; married 1874; children, Clarence, Arthur, Egbert, Bessie, Ethel, Alice, Jennette, Ralph; is doctor for the family, setting bones, collar and thumb; can paint, do carpenter work, dressmaking, extensive chicken raising and market gardening; teacher in Sunday School; county and local president of W. C. T. U.; held a claim part of the time alone in the wilds of South Dakota. Favors Woman Suffrage. Member Suffrage League, works in literary department; member Methodist Church. Recreation: Riding, swimming, baseball, member City and Country Club."

There are twenty millions of her in this country of ours; she makes up nearly one-fourth of the population of the country, and while we are dealing with these most "vital statistics," we may include the tragic fact that sixty-five per cent of those committed to insane hospitals are from rural districts, the farm women constituting the great majority thereof.

And yet the needs of this great deserving class of "humans," with minds and hearts even more receptive of ideas than are city women—the needs of such as these are as yet almost wholly unrealized by librarians aside from Commission workers. The question put by the then-President Roosevelt to his Country Life Com-

mission, "How can the life of the farm family be made less solitary, fuller of opportunity, freer from drudgery, more comfortable, happier, and more attractive?" still awaits solution from the club and library standpoint.

Though agriculture is our oldest and by far our largest and most important industry, it has only recently occurred to us in the United States that we had a rural problem. It is only within the last decade or so that we have awakened to the fact that there is a rural as well as an urban problem, and the club and library interests are too prone to keep from recognizing it. We are not concerned in this connection with the problem of the retired farmer who moves into town to spend his last days which are, seemingly, all he is willing to spend; nor shall we discuss those restless flat dwellers in our cities who, tempted by such alluring and wholly immoral titles as The Fat of the Land, The Earth Bountiful, A Self-Supporting Home, Three Acres and a Cow, or Three Acres and Liberty, "for those to whom the idea of liberty is more inspiring than that of the cow," attempt to start ginseng, guinea pig, pheasant, and peacock farms, and who return to the city as shorn of guineas as the pigs they leave behind them.

In the serious solution of this problem, we may in truth differ as to the sort of farmers we would benefit. As Sir Horace Plunkett has said in his Rural Problem in America, "The New York City idea is probably that of a Long Island home where one might see on Sunday, weather permitting, the horny-handed son of week-day toil in Wall Street, rustically attired, inspecting his Jersey cows and aristocratoic fowls. These supply a select circle in New York City with butter and eggs at a price which leaves nothing to be desired unless it be some information as to cost of production. Full justice is done to the new country life when the Farmers' Club of New York fulfills its chief function—the annual dinner at Delmonico's. Then Agriculture is extolled in fine Virginia style, the Hudson villa and the Newport cottage being permitted to divide the honors of the rural revival with the Long Island home. But to my bucolic intelligence," concludes Sir Horace, "it would seem that against the back-to-the-land movement of Saturday afternoon, the captious critic might set the rural exodus of Monday morning."

To the New England club woman and librarian there probably comes the picture of rugged, bean-clad hills with "electrics" in every valley eager to take the intellectual rustics to the Lowell lectures or the Boston Symphony Orchestra. That books are appreciated in the rural districts even in a state that boasts a library in every town is shown by a letter from one who had received the volumes sent out by the Massachusetts Society to Encourage Studies at Home: "I do not know where I should stop if I tried to tell how much these library books have helped me in my isolated life—I have craved so much and there seemed no access possible to anything I wanted. I have lived always with a longing for something different; life was a burden to be carried cheerfully, yet I never quite conquered the feeling that the burden was heavy. Books have taken away that feeling and before I was aware the load was gone. I have written thus of myself, not because my individual experience is of importance enough to interest anyone, but because I believe the world is full of people with the same wants that I have and it may be of some satisfaction to know how fully you are supplying them."

To the club woman and the librarian of New Jersey, isolated dwellers of the salt marshes would come to mind. Maryland suggests to some epicure the oyster farm, with its succulent product, but to others come the vision of the "real thing," supplied as in Washington County with the ideal arrangement of central library, branches, deposit stations, traveling libraries, and automobile delivery to the very doors of the Maryland farm house—the most ideal arrangement of rural extension that exists in America today.

To the Georgian, the "cracker" presents itself with its "Uneeda book" appeal. The "Mountain-in-white" of Kentucky, who comes to Berea in his seventeenth year to learn his letters, would surely appreciate an opportunity to go on with them when he gets "back home." In the north Middle West, where farms are still surrounded by a fringe of pine and an "Infinite Destiny," a farmer's wife writes as follows: "For many years I have lived on a farm on the cleared land of Northern Wisconsin, and I have made an earnest study of the conditions that surround the lives of the average isolated farmer and his family; I have seen all of the loneliness and desolation of their lives, I have witnessed all the dreariness and poverty of their homes. I have been with them when our nearest railroad station meant a twenty-eight mile trip through bottomless mud or over shaking corduroy; when our nearest postoffice was eighteen miles away, over the same impassable roads and where we were often without mail for weeks at a time; when the nearest public library was sixty miles away; when the only element of culture or progress we possessed was the little backwoods school, housed in a tumble-down log shack and presided over by careless or incompetent teachers. I have watched civilization come to us step by step,—the railroad, the rural mail delivery, the country telephone, and other modern rural conveniences. But, before any of these, right in the midst of our lonely backwoods life, came the traveling library, for it is characteristic of the traveling library that it is not dependent on modern conveniences for its appearance. I can recall the thrill of joy with which we received our first case of books. I read their titles over and over, handled and caressed them in a perfectly absurd manner. Almost all of the books were old friends of mine; but, to our little neighborhood of foreigners, they were "brand new" and the enthusiasm over that library knew no bounds.

"We had a regular library revival that winter. We talked books in season and out of season; and from talking about the books in the little library we fell to talking of other books; of books we had read in our younger, happier days. It mattered little if in the course of these conversations books and authors were hopelessly mixed.

"I cannot say that we derived any great amount of knowledge from our first library; but I do know that it brought into our little backwoods settlement that which we needed much more, hope and courage and an interest in life. That was my first introduction to the traveling library; but during the years that have gone since then, I have seen much of the work of these little cases of books. While it is true that the traveling library does not always meet with as enthusiastic

a reception as our little settlement gave it that winter, yet it always comes to our rural communities as a help and inspiration. My appreciation of the worth of the traveling library has grown with the years.

"Once a library meant nothing but rows of books and its influence was confined to narrow limits. However, with the establishment of the traveling libraries, these books have become veritable missionaries penetrating all sorts of dreary, isolated places, carrying them a culture and a pleasure that will aid in illuminating the long, dreary path of existence with the color of happiness."

As one farmer's wife has it in another locality, "Good books drive away neighborhood discussion of the four deadly d's—Diseases, Dress, Descendants and Domestics."

Olive Schreiner, in her wonderful and heart-searching study of Woman and Labor, has pointed out that at first woman hunted with the man, and later when the race settled in one spot, the woman was the tiller of the soil and the man the hunter and warrior. Then when man no longer needed to hunt or fight, the woman tilled the fields. The woman became the isolated one. Isolation is the menace of farm life just as congestion is of city life. This isolation has a depressing effect upon the intellectual life of those who require the stimulus of contact with others to keep their minds active. The woman on the farm, as Mr. Bailey has pointed out, is apt to become a fatalist. Floods, drought, storms, tornadoes, untimely frosts, backward seasons, blight, predatory beasts, animal and plant diseases render a season's labor of no avail, or destroy the fruits of it within the hour. Along with these perennial discouragements comes the interminable round of getting up before sunrise and cooking, baking, dishwashing, sewing, mending, washing and ironing clothes from day to day, week to week, month to month, and year to year, with additional work peculiar to the seasons such as planting times, threshing and harvesting, fruit gathering and preserving, etc., etc. The work of the farm is carried on in direct connection with the home, thus differing from nearly all the large industries, such as manufacturing and the like. The fact that agriculture is still a family industry where the work and home life are not separated, differentiates it from life in the city with its lack of common business interest among all the members of the family. This condition tends to make rural life stable. The whole family stay at home evenings and one book is read aloud to the entire family circle. We still find the big family in the country where bridge whist and race suicide—cause and effect—are as yet unknown. But the big family puts cares and responsibilities upon the mother on the farm, and when one sees the bent form, the tired carriage, the warped fingers and the thin, wrinkled features of so many farmers' wives, one does not at first see anything but cruelty to animals in urging recreation and reading upon such over-burdened women. But a brighter, industrial day is at hand. From perpetual motion to hours of reasonable industrial requirements the daily working period of the farmer is coming to be reduced by the labor-saving machinery. The modern gasoline engine, to my mind the most important contribution to civilization and culture in recent times, now pumps the water, saws and cuts the wood, runs the lighting plant, the washing machine, the milking machine, the cream separator, the churn, the sewing machine, the bread mixer, the vacuum cleaner, the lawn mower, the coffee grinder, the ice cream freezer and even the egg beater. These, with the fireless cooker, have relieved the housewife and made time for reading and other recreation. Good roads, rural free delivery, the interurban trolley car, the automobile and the rural telephone are removing the old-time isolation, and are making possible enjoyment and a culture and refinement equal to that of the business and professional classes of the cities. One thing only is withheld from distinctly rural communities—the opportunity to get good books.

It has been said so often it has become a truism that the rural districts are the seed bed from which the cities are stocked with people. Upon the character of this stock more than upon anything else does the greatness of a nation and the quality of its civilization ultimately depend. The importance of doing something with and for these people is paramount, for the farms furnish the cities not alone with material products but with men and women. Census returns indicate that cities are gaining on the country all the time. We who wish to stop the rural exodus must co-operate with other agencies to make farm life more attractive, and this we can do by opening our doors to farmers and their wives, the makers of men. It is our city's self-protection that there should come from the farms strong, well educated minds, and we each should contribute our share to this end. A Chinese philosopher has said, "The well being of a people is like a tree; agriculture as its root, manufacturing and commerce are its branches and its life; if the root is injured, the leaves fall, the branches break away and the tree dies." State universities and other free educational agencies are recognizing the fact that not the few but all, farm and city bred alike, must be educated for life and through life. Commencement day is no longer the educational day of judgment for the individual. Rural consolidated high schools are being built to supplement the little red schoolhouse. Libraries, through extension of their services, must aid in the great agrarian movement of the day. We cannot all, perhaps, have the ideal arrangement so worked out in Maryland by Miss Titcomb. It may not be possible to cover other states with book wagons as Delaware purposes to do. We may not accomplish the California ideal of the country as the unit. We may not be able to send traveling libraries on their beneficent mission, but we each may try to let down the bars at our own reservoirs so that whoever is athirst may come and drink of the waters of life freely.

THE INEVITABLE.

I like the man who faces what he must,
With step triumphant and with heart of cheer;
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fall, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is good; that somehow, true and just,
His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp—better with love a crust,
Than living in dishonor; envies not
Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,
Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot,
But, with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
To every toiler. He alone is great
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

—*Sarah K. Bolton.*

My Library—No. XV.

It was well that my first acquaintance with the works of David Henry Thoreau was made through reading his book, "Excursions," and especially its informing introduction by Ralph Waldo Emerson. As Emerson says of Thoreau, I found it "a pleasure and a privilege to walk with him," at least so far as this volume could take me; and when I read that "he admired Aescylus and Pindar," and much other "good reading" besides, I became very willing to go on with him wherever he might lead. Some of his sayings quoted by Emerson struck deep enough to find lodgment for all time. "Some circumstantial evidence is very strong, as when you find a trout in the milk," was one that arrested attention at once. Just exactly, also, "how the youth gets together his materials to build a bridge to the moon, or, perchance, a palace or a temple on earth, and at length the middle-aged man concludes to build a woodshed with them," I was at the time finding out, almost too literally, I fear. When Thoreau asked, "How can you expect a harvest of thought who have not a seed-time of character," I was glad to find a possible answer in "only he can be trusted with gifts who can present a face of bronze to expectations." And when Mr. Emerson described him as always seeming to be "living in the hope to gather this plant, *Edelweisse* (Noble, Purity), which belonged to him by right," I was quite able to agree with him, as I was also when he affirmed in conclusion that "wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home."

But it was not until sometime after this, when perhaps my enthusiasm had had time to cool a little, or at least had become somewhat rationalized, that I first came across "Walden," and fell at once to reading it with an eagerness that carried me to the end—to be rather surprised at the somewhat doubtful outcome, none the less.

Now I do not suppose that Thoreau had ever intended "Walden" to contribute to the world's stock of legitimate humor, and I am sure I have never heard any of his admirers even hinting that such had really been the case. So I suppose I am alone in declaring that to me a farm-bred man, somewhat closely acquainted with the ways and means and ups and downs of commonplace tillers of the soil, "Walden" proved to be one of the funniest books I had ever read. For some reason I could not take seriously much of anything that I there found—neither his "economy," his "house" by the pond-side, his "bean-field," nor his railings against the lives of his neighbors. All his pretentious isolation seemed but a natural corollary to his selfish devotion to his own heart, pure and simple; and, so far as making a social and economic protest at Walden was concerned, it all looked to me like a conceited and ridiculous farce. At least this is how it looked to me when I first read the book; and so I laughed outright at all its "trumpery" pictures, as I then irreverently called them.

But, fortunately, these matters constituted only a small part of the volume. I was glad that, while camping out, as when living like other folks, Thoreau could see all the better, more beautiful, more inspiring aspects of Nature, and write about them so charmingly. I was glad, too, when he told so much that was new to me, especially in his chapters about "The Ponds," and his "Brute Neighbors," and "Spring," and in fact whenever he really proved that he was inded trying "to live deep enough and suck out all the marrow of life," and "to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn, as he says, "what it had to teach;" and especially to keep himself, as well as myself, possibly, very wide awake, "not by mechanical aids, but by infinite expectation of the dawn." In all this I found myself sufficiently sympathetic to enable me not only to understand his motive, but some of the impulses that separated him from his kind, and led him to observe, read, study and reflect, uninterrupted by his less thinking and less important fellows.

Since then, with others, I have seen more and more in him, learned more and more from him, and have realized that, only as he or anyone else really lives in obedience to his own individual inner promptings, does he ever truly live at all. And we surely need those who like Thoreau dare to retire to their "Waldens," or similar retreats, and there think upon this world and its life without let or hindrance, and write about it only as their own specific conclusions warrant. How poor the world would be now without there having been the noble succession of all such worthies. A few volumes in one's library that have emanated from such retirement, have an almost exclusive right to the most companionable nook of all.

With my recollections of the books of Thoreau, come those of Gilbert White's "Selborne" and Isaac Walton's "Complete Angler." I was led to read the former through Lowell's saying, "One of the most delightful books in my father's library was White's 'Natural History of Selborne'," and I have often since then proven the worth of his further saying, "For me it has gained in charm with years," to my abundant satisfaction, to say the least. For me, as for Lowell, his volumes are the Journal of Adam in Paradise,

> "Annihilating all that's made
> To a green thought in a green shade,"

and sometimes just to turn its homest virginal pages is enough to cleanse one's soul from every clinging dross.

Although I cannot say with Walton "that the fishing with a natural fly (or any other) is excellent, and affords much pleasure," and certainly cannot say to anyone, "And now you shall see my try my skill to catch a trout"—being altogether too much of a dry-landsman ever to have caught or ever to catch, I fear, anything bigger than a "minnow," and that with a bent pin at the end of a twine string!—I still can none the less appreciate something of the fun and everlasting good others get out of the piscatorial art, and be glad that a few of them have known how to report it so acceptably as have Walton, Henry Van Dyke, and possibly others. Sometimes these have actually stirred me to saying with "Piscator" himself,

> "I was for that time lifted above earth;
> And possessed joys not promised in my birth,"

and too with "Venator" have thanked him "for the sweet enjoyment of the pleasant day, which is so far spent without offense to God or man,"—a passing of time very much needed occasionally, whether "in-a-doors" or out.

As for Henry Van Dyke, I have envied him from the time when he dared publish

"Only an idle little stream,
Whose amber waters softly gleam,
Where I may wade, through woodland shade,
And caste the fly, and loaf, and dream;

Only a trout or two, to dart
From foaming ponds, and try my art;
No more wishing—old-fashioned fishing,
And just a day on Nature's heart,"

and then proceeded to lay on and rub in all the joys of many such days, through many volumes, unblushingly supported by everybody from Bible times to the present! I dare say he did it innocently enough, and recked not of the perturbations of sensitive, roughly denied souls, anywhere. But when he takes me all over the world additionally, flaunting his rod and fly and cooing to himself all sorts of

"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,"

especially my tears, I do more than half hope that some day he will find his "Fisherman's Luck" gone clean back on him, and that he will then come to sensing how much he cruelly provokes and then fails to gratify. If you do not believe this, just hear this modern Fisherman, as, while in the deepest of waters he sings out, "Lift the point of the rod with a strong, steady pull. Put force of both arms into it. . . . The fists must be moved, etc." But I should really like to know how is one, so many miles deep in even the very books he has written,—how is one ever to "lift" or "pull" or "put force" outside of one's imagination, already too shadowy for anything that is more than simply "writ in water," unless it be a hearty testing of the "catch" that somebody else has brought in? Indeed I much befear me that I must always remember that I am not of the elect, for hath not our veteran fisherman, John Burroughs, only recently said: "Even the successful angler seems born, and not made." So I turn once more to My Library, and in it find as good fishing as any stream can offer for my bait, and perhaps quite as nourishing, too! I know not when I began to read the books of John Burroughs. It seems as thugh I had been brought up on them; yet I was probably twenty or thirty or more before "Wake Robin" came to my notice. And since then what an almost perennial feast has Mr. Burroughs prepared for his admirers. The long line of books in My Library look down upon me with an influence as benign as is that of the author himself. And with this influence comes that of all the fields and forests that he has ever tramped and all the birds that he has so loved to watch. The very title, "Winter Sunshine," is enough to fill one's heart with a glow unspeakable; and who wouldn't be similarly inspired by "Locusts and Wild Honey," "Fresh Fields," "Signs and Seasons," "Ways of Nature," or "Leaf and Tendril?" Says Mr. Burroughs in the latter volume, "The book of nature is like a page written over and printed upon with different sized characters and in many languages, interlined and crosslined, and with a great variety of marginal notes and references." How grateful ought we all to be that there is in the world someone who can say, "For my part, my delight is to linger long on each page of this marvelous record, and to dwell upon its most obscure text," and how grateful should we be, too, for the man or woman who for less gifted people can read with such unerring accuracy from the intricacies which "the book of nature" presents. That many have found John Burroughs a most delightful revealer of nature's secrets is evident; that many others, in fact everyone, should read him for his real worth both as a naturalist and as a humane sympathizer with all that is noble and fine, is self-evident. Indeed, many a would-be investigator and critic of literary worth, likewise, might find in him a model not to be neglected, and a student full of companionable enthusiasm. "Indoor Studies," "Birds and Poets," "Literary Values," are books to take down for an occasional clearing up of one's soul; while "Whitman: A Study," shows how Mr. Burroughs can see into the inner as well as the outer life of men, and report with convincing skill what he there sees. To those who incline more to the scientific view of things, Mr. Burroughs' "Far and Near" and "Time and Change" appeal vitally, because of the accuracy and the sympathy and the reasonable hope that is there revealed. When asked, "What does John Burroughs believe?" the ready answer is, "The Truth," and for one to get the significance of this answer so thoroughly incorporated into one's being that it must always serve for a spring of action, may safely be said to be the most important acquisition of one's life. To those who may doubt this, the recent very truthful, very readable book, by Clara Barrus, "Our Friend John Burroughs," will show how beneficent such a belief is, how worthy of emulation.

And to those of us who know John Burroughs personally, what a wealth of inspiring fellowship is ours, whenever we look back upon the hours in his presence. Verily the spirit of the wind and bird-song, and beauty of flower, and height and depth and breadth of All Nature's best, is of John Burroughs always, and binds him to his friends with the unbreakable ties of eternity.

Utica, N. Y SMITH BAKER.

THE LITTLE COMFORTERS.

I have my little thoughts for comforters;
They run by me all day
Holding up perfumed memory that stirs
My dull accustomed way.

They murmur of green lanes we used to go,
(For here the Spring forgets
To set the roadways thick with grass, and sow
The paths with violets!)

Here the hot city crashes, and all words
Thunder or scream or cry,
Yet there were lake-sounds once (they tell), and birds
Called from a twilight sky.

There still a night wind strokes the slumberers
And the cool grass lies deep . . .
I have my little thoughts for comforters,
Who whisper me to sleep.

The Craftsman. —*Margaret Widdemer.*

"Wut's the use o' meetin'-going
Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
If it's right to go a-mowin'
Feller-men like oats an' rye?
I dunno but wut it's pooty
Trailin' round in bob-tail coats;
But it's a curus Christian dooty,
This 'ere cuttin' folks' throats."

—*E. F. (Loughboro').*

From the *Christian Commonwealth.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture

A Years Work
In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old New and Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.

1913-1914

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman

XXVI.
Philo

Text: *"For anyone to know that he is ignorant is a piece of wisdom, just as to know that one has done wrong is a piece of righteousness."* *Philo.*

Before studying the man Philo, who is the one large literary element in our year's work, let us look at the map a little. During the two or three centuries that bridge the Hebrew as found in the Old Testament over into the Christian world as we find him in the New Testament, Jerusalem, Athens, Alexandria and Rome rose into power and potency and were the centers of life, light and thought, the centers of the civilized world. The New Testament is essentially a Jewish book, all its writers were Jews, the time and place into which it was cast was intensely Jewish, its authors and its heroes were Jews, and if we profit by this year's work we will understand the New Testament as we have never understood it before, because we will be able to see it as the flowering of the Jewish life and culture of these two or three centuries.

The story of Jerusalem at this time is saturated with blood, and the man on horseback, the man with the pike, the man with the sword is parading up and down through Palestine all this time. Athens is going down; not the real Athens, but Athens' military prominence, Athens' political glory, and whatever commercial ascendancy she enjoyed, never great, is passing away. Alexandria, the result of military triumph, bearing the name of the greatest military conqueror of the world, is a pivotal point of political life and activity. Rome is rising, getting ready to be the capital of the world for the next thousand years; Rome, a tremendous seething caldron of politics, of course rimmed all round and pierced through with militarism. All these four centers today are practically off the map. I say this not unmindful of Rome's present position; its power is a negligible quantity in the politics of the world. The Pope has failed to maintain his political ascendancy, his temporal power, and civic Italy is a poor, distracted, bankrupt nation, trying to make the world and itself believe it is of military significance.

Now at the end of nineteen centuries, politically these centers are negligible quantities, commercially they do not count, from a military standpoint they have no strategic value, and yet in the name of culture and religion they are still the capital cities of the western world. With the exception of Alexandria, they dominate the academic centers of civilization. Rome and Athens and Jerusalem are still the thought capitals of the modern world. There is no one to dispute the ascendancy of the Greek language,—the most facile, elastic, resourceful and beautiful product of the human tongue. It has given us a deathless literature. From Rome has come Roman law, jurisprudence. Roman history is the foundation of all that goes under the name of modern political economy and statecraft. Religiously and spiritually speaking Jerusalem is the shrine of the three great monotheistic faiths of the world, the Jewish, Christian and Mohammedan.

We now come to the fascinating but subtle and impressive lesson of Philo. Philo tried to be the reconciling clause between the western culture that came from Greece and Rome, and the eastern inspiration that came from the Hebrew scripture. He gave rise to that movement in the melting pot of the world at that time, Alexandria. He made the New Testament possible, early Christianity possible; not Jesus but "the Christ" possible. Without Philo there never would have been a fourth Gospel, without a fourth Gospel there never would have been the mystery of the Trinity, and without the Trinity there never would have been the conquering Christianity of the first thousand years of Christian history. Philo means a literature rather than a man, though the man is not hard to find. We have his own words for the fact that in the year 40 or 41 A. D. he was the elder member of a committee, the senior of a delegation that went to Rome begging the Emperor Claudius to be more lenient in his treatment of the Jews. We will fancy he was fifty years of age in the year 40 A. D., which would make him anywhere from ten to fifteen years of age when Jesus was born. We may also conclude from his own words that he went once and probably more times to Jerusalem during the life of Jesus. There is little ground for the suspicion that the lines of Philo and Jesus ever crossed, that the stream of influence set going by the carpenter's son ever touched the life of the cultivated scholar who visited Jerusalem one or more times in his life. Yet Philo held the key to the situation which ultimately perpetuated the story and the life and message of the Nazarene. Philo was the first great mystic in the technical sense. Philo loved the Greek, knew his Homer and Plato and accepted all that Athens had to give. Philo knew his *Torah,* loved it well, was a Jew of the Jews, and felt that to him had been given the task of reconciling Greek culture to Jewish inspiration, to fit Plato to Moses; for while he accepted Moses as the author of the inspired Pentateuch, he felt also that what Plato had to give was God given.

In four volumes we have an available English compilation of Philo's writings. They are learned, ingenious and at times very curious, and filled with a great deal of spiritual insight and ethical beauty, and are an attempt to reconcile the *Torah*—the Hexateuch—to Plato, the Old Testament to Greek thought. The titles of the chapters will indicate the content:

"On the Creation of the World, On the Allegories of the Sacred Laws, On the Cherubim, and on the Flaming Sword; and on the First-Born Child of Man, Cain, Of Cain and his birth, On the Sacrifices of Abel and Cain, On the Principle that the Worse is accustomed to be always plotting against the Better, On the Posterity of Cain, On the Giants, On the Unchangebleness of God, On the Tilling of the Earth by Noah, About the Planting of Noah, On Drunkenness, On Sobriety. The second volume continues the

discussion on the Confusion of Languages, On the doctrine that Dreams are sent from God, etc. The third volume gives much on Moses, the Ten Commandments, special laws, festivals, justice, virtues, rewards and punishments, curses, nobility, etc. In the fourth volume he leaves his main thesis, and here are fragments which show his tendency to the mysticism, love of philosophy and interest in the controversies of his time. These books offer an exceedingly interesting field for a summer study.

Philo wrote on the theory that the Hexateuch is the fundamental revelation of religion to the world, but his culture saw beyond the realms of Judaism the rich field of the classic world, and he concluded both were valuable and both must be reconcilable. So by a system of mysterious interpretation, of correspondence and symbolism, sometimes absolutely wild and fantastic, he has injected into these volumes an interpretation of the Hebrew literature that will serve the classic scholar, that will justify our enthusiasm for Homer and Plato, that will help the boys and girls in school to enjoy their studies and to preserve their faith.

There are two names that appear in the scholarly world today challenging our attention, and promising much,—Bergson and Eucken. These men are applying the laws of Darwin to the spiritual experience of men. Bergson's theory, if I understand it, is quite the opposite of Philo's assumption. Philo believed the world was created and finished, the key given to him to interpret. Bergson's fundamental idea is that the world is not yet finished, that creation is ever in process, ever be-coming; that the tides of creative force are continuously working towards that which has not yet happened, truth which never has been understood, beauty never realized, love never embodied,—the world in the making. Bergson might be called a scientific mystic, and all science in its highest reach is mystical.

QUESTIONS.

(1) With whom was Philo contemporary?
(2) Name four cities of old time which have been world centers of culture.
(3) What did Philo believe to be his work in the world?
(4) In what form do his writings exist?
(5) How does he differ from present day philosophers?

Church Unity Realized

Church unity does not seem altogether an impossible thing, if we may judge from conditions in a certain small western town. There the various denominations work side by side in complete harmony, arranging their services so as to conflict as little as possible; and practically the same congregation appears at all the churches. Besides this, they are at one in their poverty, and frequently borrow of each other's equipment.

One evening a church bell was heard ringing vigorously. The family seated round the tea table looked up in surprise. "What bell is that?" they asked in chorus.

No one seemed to know, until at last one exclaimed, "Oh, I remember now! That is the Episcopal bell ringing for the Baptist revival that begins at the Presbyterian Church tonight."

Youths' Companion.

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Out of the dusk a shadow,
Then, a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then, a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then, a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
Life again.

MON.—The waves forever move;
The hills forever rest;
Yet each the heavens approve,
And Love alike hath blessed
A Martha's household care,
A Mary's cloistered prayer.

TUES.—They cannot wholly pass away,
How far soe'er above;
Nor we, the lingerers, wholly stay
Apart from those we love;
For spirits in eternity,
As shadows in the sun
Reach backward into time, as we
Like lifted clouds, reach on.

WED.—Long, long before the babe could speak,
When he would kiss his mother's cheek,
And to her bosom press,
The brightest angels standing near
Would turn away to hide a tear—
For they were motherless.

THURS.—Their noonday never knows
What names immortal are;
'Tis night alone that shows
How star surpasseth star.

FRI.—Anonymous—nor needs a name
To tell the secret whence the flame
With light, and warmth, and incense, came
A new creation to proclaim.
So was it when, His labor done,
God saw His work, and smiled thereon;
His glory in the picture shone,
But name upon the canvas, none.

SAT.—Where were ye, Birds, that bless His name,
When wingless to the world He came,
And wordless, though Himself the Word
That made the blossom and the bird?

—*John B. Tabb.*

The Boston Elms

Boston Common without its beautiful elms will hardly seem the same place, but there must be new elms, or in the near future there will be none at all. The ravages of the leopard moth have killed or injured three hundred elms, many of the largest of which must soon be cut down. Their fate is the same as that of the great elms that once made the chief attraction of the Harvard Yard and the New Haven Green. The Common, however, unlike the Harvard Yard, has many trees of other kinds. Nevertheless, the elms have a charm of their own that gives distinction to almost every New England village street and many New England country highways, and no substitute can fill their place. Happily, the leopard moth, which is harder to fight than the elm-tree beetle, has not yet crossed to the beautiful Public Garden, so there is hope for the trees there. Thus far the men of science have found the leopard moth the hardest of the tree pests to cope with. Spray treatments, such as destroy the gypsy and the brown-tail moth, have no effect upon it. The leopard moth hatches under the bark of the topmost branches, and so escapes detection in the early stages of its attack.—*Youth's Companion.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LACKERSTEEN

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

ENGLAND'S PRIMATE ON THE WAR.

England's religious feeling toward the war was expressed by the Archbishop of Canterbury in his sermon at Westminster Abbey on August 2. England had, of course, yet two days before deciding upon her own active entrance into the scene, but she was feeling the beat of the European war pulse. Dr. Davidson does not take a pessimist's view of the future, though he recalls the blighted hopes of previous years and the depression that might legitimately follow. The opening of the Great Exposition in Hyde Park in 1851 raised before the people of that day "the happy auguries of a new and blissful era which has broken upon the world with the dawn of that May day, the inauguration of an abiding Temple of Peace." Tennyson celebrates the event in these lines:

So let the fair white-winged peace-
maker fly
To happy havens under all the sky. . . .
Till each man finds his own in all men's
good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed
towers.

We quote in continuance from Dr. Davidson's sermon printed in full in *The Guardian* (London, August 6):

"Such were the hopes, such the expectations of not a few. And what happened? Englishmen must have thought them over with a grim feeling in the icy trenches of Sebastopol, or in the noonday glare upon the ridge at Delhi. And they formed a startling memory for many others besides Englishmen, for our gathering in 1851 was cosmopolitan, and some of the strongest speeches and the rosiest prophecies came from other nationalities than our own. What did those prophets think, a little later, about Magenta and Solferino? How were their hopes illustrated, later still, on the hillside at Gravelotte or in the cornfields of Sedan? What are we to say of Plevna, of Port Arthur? The strifes were hotter, some of the fields were bloodier, than any that our grandsires had known."

Now, what does it all mean? asks the Archbishop. "Is it that the hopes of 1851 were a crazy delusion, and that war is so inveterate and essential a habit of the people of the earth that to look for peace is a fanatical and baseless dream?" He wonders if the European telegrams of the days preceding the call to conflict are "the final answer to a childish fancy":

"My friends, I do not believe it for a moment. To think so would, it seems to me, be to belie Christian faith, Christian promises, Christian hope. This thing which is now astir in Europe is not the work of God, but of the devil. It is not the development of God's purposes; it is the marring of them by the self-will, the sheer wrongness of man. What is happening must be due somewhere, somehow (I am not now attempting to judge where or how), to the pride, the high-handedness, the stubbornness of man's temper undoing and thwarting the handiwork and will of God. We have got to set ourselves, slowly it may be, but determinedly as the generations pass, to eradicate and make unendurable the temper among men from which such things spring, to 'shrivel the falsehood from the souls of men' in the name of the Prince of Peace, who still goes forth conquering and to conquer. And, never let us forget it, we have in these latter years done something substantial on that pathway. A hundred years ago, no more than the barest handful of people could have been found in England, or Germany, or France who believed in any arbitrament except war. And now? Why, notwithstanding all our shattered hopes and, as we are tempted to murmur, our unanswered prayers, there are, beyond all question, tens of thousands of thoughtful people in Europe and America, as well as in England, who are throwing themselves with an eagerness which they rightly believe to come from God into the furtherance of the 'more excellent way.'"

Speaking of the temper of the people necessary to bear the strain of future events, he says:

"But there are deliberate efforts that we must with our whole strength evoke and multiply at an hour of tension such as this. Steadiness and self-control are, at such an hour, not desirable only, but sacredly imperative; the sternest individual self-discipline and self-surrender; that is what we can each contribute to the common goal. Emotions, however natural in ordinary days, held in check now with a stern grip as we brace ourselves to the exercise of a quiet, straightforward purposeful Christian manhood and womanhood, the manhood and womanhood, that is, of those who are making their own the steadying sense of the Fatherhood of God revealed to us in the life and death and abiding presence of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. There must—there absolutely must—be no selfish rivalries in great or little things, no taking advantage of one another in the affairs of common life at a time when ordinary rules are out of gear. Bear ye one another's burdens—it applies very palpably, does it not, to our business and financial matters?—bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ. The law of Christ. It is in that law, in that sublime example, thought out and applied to our present-day intercourse that we are at such times upheld and guided and made strong under the good hand of our Father which is in Heaven. It has been well put—rather unexpectedly, perhaps—by Professor Huxley thus—'Whoso calls to mind what I may venture to term the bright side of Christianity—that ideal of manhood, with its strength and its patience, its justice and its pity, its helpfulness to the extremity of self-sacrice, its ethical purity and nobility—is not likely to underrate the importance of the Christian faith as a factor in human history.'

"And one more suggestion. Whatever we may be called upon to do and bear—whatever the strain upon our courage, or, what is sometimes harder, upon patience—do let the sobering, steadying influence of times like this bear fruit all our life through. That can well come true. Some of us will remember the poet's picture drawn a few years ago in the days of the South African War of the careless, self-indulgent, easy-going lad—

Whose gods were luxury and chance,

gaining permanent strength from the enforced self-discipline of strenuous days. They bring to us all a genuine opportunity. Use it—

The yoke he bore shall press him still,
And long-engrained effort goad
To find, to fashion, and fulfill
The cleaner life, the sterner code."

The Literary Digest.

THE EUROPEAN CRISIS

A MESSAGE TO OUR PEOPLE.

In this hour of terrible trial for the nations of Europe we shall do well to encourage and strengthen one another in cleaving to that which is good. Two great temptations beset us: one, to lose the higher spirit in anger, not altogether unrighteous anger, against those who have dragged the nations into this fearful calamity, and in bitter feelings towards those who are now our enemies; the other, to lose faith in the

eternal supremacy of Justice and Love, when we think of millions of men who have no grudge against one another being driven to mutual carnage by small groups of statesmen.

In regard to the first, let us remember that anger cannot judge justly, and the time for judgment is not yet. The Christian law of love extends to enemies—a height which it is very hard to reach; but we can slay the enemy in our own hearts through prayer, and preserve a holy calm, which may shed its healing influence when the time comes.

The temptation to despair may be diminished if we remember the signs of degeneracy which have made many of us anxious during recent years, and reflect that some great shock may have been needed to teach us that life is more than ease and pleasure, and consists not in the abundance of the things that we possess. We have often asked ourselves how much Christianity was left in so-called Christendom, and when the politicians of the world would have any faith in the Christ whom they professed to worship. As in the evil days when the light of Christianity first rose upon the world, may we not hope that, when these horrors are past, there will be a new coming of the Son of Man, sees in the advent of a true Kingdom of Humanity, when the nations will recognize that all are children of God, and those who are appointed to rule will feel the solemnity of their high calling as servants of the Prince of Peace?

It is for us to watch and pray and labor for the coming of that time, and to cherish in ourselves that Holy Spirit without which all is war and confusion. When Europe has been deluged with blood, some sort of settlement must come, and the voice of reason and justice listened to, if only owing to the exhaustion of evil passion. Then let us be ready to help in reconstituting society on a more Christian basis, and providing some more powerful and united expression of the sense of brotherhood, so that the masses of the people may be able to assert the higher will, and never again be the helpless slaves of violence and greed.

Continued Next Week

LIBERAL RELIGIOUS LITERATURE

The undersigned will be glad to send to inquirers free tracts, pamphlets and other printed matter as may be available, to those who are interested in knowing more of that religious movement that takes the name Unitarian or kindred titles.

Mrs. A. B. Stickney
288 Summit Ave.
ST. PAUL, - - - MINN.

FONGER'S
Sanitary Bakery
Special Orders
Cakes and Pies of All Kinds

3852 Cottage Grove Ave. Phone, Douglas 5962

Telephone Douglass 7014

R. FRANZ
Staple and Fancy Groceries and Meats
Fresh Vegetables and Fruits in Season
732-734 East 39th St. Chicago

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER

is the only weekly paper published by the liberal branch of the Religious Society of Friends. The regular subscription price is $2.00 a year.

The proceedings of the Biennial Conference comprising the seven Yearly Meetings of this branch of Friends, recently held at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., will be issued as a supplement to the Intelligencer. The ten numbers containing this supplement (12 extra pages) will be sent to any address for 30 cents.

SAMPLE COPIES OF FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER FREE.

Address Friends' Intelligencer Association
140 North 15th Street, Philadelphia

DREXEL STATE BANK
Cottage Grove Avenue and Oakwood Boulevard
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $500,000.00
A bank for the residents of this Section. More convenient than down-town—just as secure.

Bowman Dairy Company
MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY
Milk :: Cream :: Butter :: Buttermilk
DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?
4221-4229 State Street
Telephones at all Division Offices
EVANSTON :: CHICAGO :: OAK PARK

RAISE PIGEONS

They Pay Dollars while Chickens Pay Cents

The young, 20 to 25 days old, sell for 40 to 60 cents each (according to the season). The city markets are always clamoring for them.

Each pair of Pigeons will raise 18 to 22 young a year

They will clear you, above all expenses, $5.00 a year per pair. They breed the entire year. Twenty minutes daily will care for 100 pairs.

Always penned up out of the way Very small space required

All this is fully explained in this month's issue of our Journal; send for it; price 10 cents.

Reliable Squab Journal • Versailles, Mo.

Training School for the Liberal Ministry

including special courses to meet the growing demand for Parish Assistants, Sunday School Directors, Head Workers of Church Settlements and Club Leaders. Open to men and women. Modern, undogmatic, scholarly, practical. Liberal scholarship including,

Two Summer Sessions at Chicago University.

Traveling fellowship yielding $810.

Apply to

F. C. SOUTHWORTH, President

Meadville Theological School

MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Telephones Douglas 6404-6405-6406-6407

Clark-Lyon Co.

FINE GROCERIES AND MEATS

FRUITS and VEGETABLES

3917-19 Cottage Grove Ave.

Keister's Ladies' Tailoring College

A MODERN SCHOOL OF THOROUGH AND PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION IN

DESIGNING and DRESSMAKING

N. E. Corner 40th St. and Cottage Grove Ave.

Our No. 35 Rolled Edge White

AUTOMATIC LIFT

One of the very latest Drop Head designs and one that has already attained wide popularity by reason of its uniqueness, beauty and thorough reliability. A finely finished machine, furnished with Rolled Edge Renaissance design woodwork, in quarter-sawed golden oak, fitted with automatic lift, nickel plated hand-wheel, beautiful hanging center panel, three drawers at each end of table, ball bearings and a complete set of the latest style steel attachments.

Telephone, Central 480

White Sewing Machine Co.

24 West Lake Street **GEO. E. CAUGHEY, Manager**

Schumann & Co.

CLEANERS OF

Fancy Gowns and Kid Gloves

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS

3954 Cottage Grove Ave.

Phone, Drexel 231
All departments

ATTENTION!

Sunday School Workers, Superintendents, Pastors

Have the FREE supplies for the observance of World's Temperance Sunday, November 8 (in most states November 1—in Ohio September 20), been ordered for your Sunday school? Make sure by cutting out and handing to your Sunday school superintendent the blank below. Millions of pieces of literature must be printed and all orders must be sent to us early, if they are to be filled. **Last year over a thousand schools** sent in their orders for supplies too late to be filled before the day. Every school should have its supplies three weeks before its Temperance day in order to properly prepare the program.

PLEASE SEE THAT THE REQUEST FOR YOUR SCHOOL IS SENT IN TODAY.